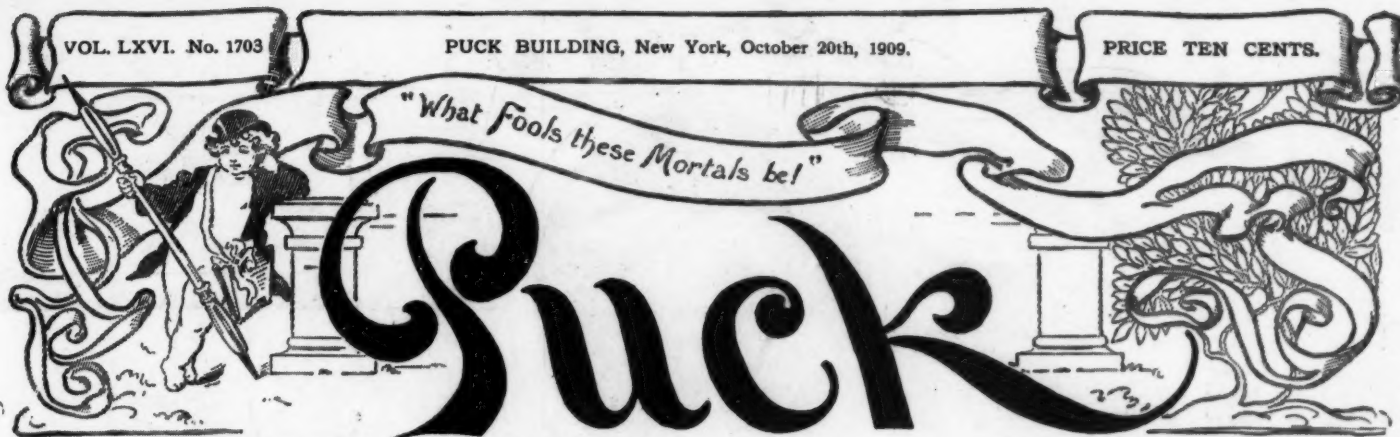


VOL. LXVI. No. 1703

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 20th, 1909.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



Copyright 1909 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THEY KNOW THE KIND OF DECOYS TO USE.



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1703. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1909  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE devoted advocates of a ship subsidy are now including President Taft among their number. The President says in effect that we look out for our manufacturers, our mine owners, and our farmers by means of a tariff, so why should n't we do something for the ship owners by means of a Government grant of cash? Socialists, unless we totally misapprehend their objects, should hail with satisfaction this view of the President's, because it is the second time within a year, if we mistake not, that he has suggested informally "the reasonable profit" idea. The tariff is to equalize the difference in the cost of labor between the United States and Europe, plus a reasonable profit, and a Government subsidy would insure American ship owners against operating at a loss—they would get a reasonable profit also. Thus the Government enters practically into a commercial partnership, considerably relieving the manufacturer and perhaps the ship owner of all cause for worry or fear of want. It might be called a refined application of the Socialist idea by the conservative Republican Party, a sort of Socialism *de luxe*. The Socialists, unless we are misinformed, would remove as far as possible the fear of want from the minds of the poor. The Republican Party, however, knows a trick worth two of that. It would dispel all fear of want from the minds of the rich—an accomplishment at which it has no known superior.

THE Democrats of Rhode Island, in State convention assembled, condemn the Aldrich tariff law as the most outrageously unfair tariff ever enacted by an American Congress. They also "acknowledge with shame" that the author is a representative of Rhode Island. It is a pleasing sign. There has been altogether too much "pointing with pride" in platforms heretofore. A little "acknowledging with shame" will do no harm. Too bad President Taft does n't see it that way.

A FULLY equipped duke costs as much to keep up as a couple of Dreadnoughts.—Lloyd George.

And, unlike a Dreadnought, you can't throw a duke on the scrap-heap when he gets to be out-of-date.

THE WAY we hamper ourselves by tariffs and other checks on rational commercial intercourse is about to be nicely demonstrated in the matter of shoes and roast beef. According to the new tariff laws, hides pay less duty by 15 per cent. than they did. This apparently should give us cheaper shoes; but no, it will not, because a great many Western ranchmen have gone out of the stock-raising business, and hides are growing scarce and expensive. On account of its ascending price, many families the land over have cut out beef

from their daily diet. The result is a lessened demand for cattle, hence fewer cattle raisers, naturally fewer hides. Thus is developed a situation in which the patient American peasant may add to the cost of his shoes the money which he has saved by not eating meat—a precious privilege! What the Beef Trust loses through the lessened demand for meat—which last, by the way, is not vividly apparent in the average butcher's bill—it snugly makes up in the increased demand for hides. By means of the tariff we tax ourselves on cattle and on their by-product, hides, and in each case in order chiefly that a set of rich packers may become steadily richer. Wear shoes and drop meat. Eat meat and go shoeless. Which shall it be?

APROPOS of the ship subsidy, Senator Elkins says that the word subsidy scares the American people, and "we may have to eliminate it or get around it." Why? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.



THE SUREST WAY TO START SOMETHING.

MONSIEUR HYDE.—Gentlemen, beware of the family row! Remember what a family row did to our happy family once!





THE REAL THING IN JOY RIDES.

MABEL'S GOWNS.



In clouds of tulle, pearls peeping through,  
Our Mabel made her grand début.  
A filmy gown of snowy white  
She wore, her graduation night.

In bridal robe of satin sheen  
Sweet Mabel looked a royal queen.  
The gown in which she "went away"  
Was of the latest shade of gray.

She donned a sombre black, of course,  
The day she sued for a divorce.  
Her "going-home-to-mother" gown  
Was some sad shade of rusty brown.

*Florence G. Schwarz.*

HOPELESS.

HOWARD.—Was your play really taken off after only a six nights' run?

COWARD.—Yes, really. It was a drama that was approved by every minister in the city.

THE BETTER PART.

THE ninety-and-nine were safely laid in the shelter of the fold.  
The hundredth sheep, on the other hand, was out on the mountains wild and bare.

"However," reflected the latter, "if pure air be indeed what knocks germs into a cocked hat, I fail to see where those other smooth guys have got it on me, to speak of."

And so it was that the shepherd, after considerable search, found the missing animal throwing out his chest and taking deep breaths, and by no means anxious to be rounded up.



TO CONTRIBUTORS.

WE HAVE all we can use of the following North Pole jokes:

Peary does not want a Cook in his establishment; too many Cooks spoil the broth; Cook's personally conducted tours; Peary is unable to fire the Cook; Peary's goose is Cooked; and all allusions to Pole-cats.

**F**or those who wish theologically to sidestep the difficulty of the new wine and the old bottles, there is Dr. Eliot's small beer.

THE TRIMMING OF SIMON.



WITH THE faded plush box on her lap, Lucretia Boggs, spinster, sat at the parlor window smiling a smile of triumph.

And yet Lucretia's smile had a peculiar, care-free twist as she watched Mr. Simon Hicks trudging through the snow toward the house, and taking long steps to save wear and tear on his boots.

The bell jangled, and a minute later Mr. Simon Hicks was seated in the kitchen chair opposite Lucretia.

"There ain't no use goin' over this thing," he began in a voice which suggested the tones of a premium phonograph. "The point is, kin you pay up, or not?"

Lucretia, who had swallowed her smile and hidden the faded plush box under her apron, shook her head mournfully.

"Land knows, Simon, it don't seem like you ought to be so hard on me about that morgidge and the intres' considerin' what we used to be to each other."

Mr. Hicks gritted his teeth pleasantly and snorted:

"Ya-as, I 'lowed you'd bring all that up. You got a heap of nerve to spring that after the way you done me."

"Well, Simon, twenty years ago you did n't seem to care until Mr. Ruthmore come."

"Yes, and becuz Ruthmore could play on the melojeon an' was a slick talker, you ups an' runs away with him, an' him with four other wives already."

Lucretia nodded sadly without speaking.

"I did n't run around the country with a half-dozen wives. I stayed here an' worked, an' to-day I'm worth thutty thousand dollars."

Again Lucretia made no comment.

"Well, business is business. I bought this here mortgage in '91, and now you're two years behind in the interest. I notified you I was coming for a settlement to-day, and I want it."

They sat and eyed one another, while she fondled the faded plush box beneath her apron. The years had not left either of them much in the way of looks. While Wellington Ruthmore had been doing time, Time had been doing Lucretia. She was a human geometry demonstration in acute angles. Three upper front teeth were gone. Her once melting eyes had receded until they appeared mere gimlet points of light. Her throat was long and yellow. Her hands below the tight sleeves looked huge. Simon was not exactly an *objet d'art* himself, but he shuddered and felt thankful she was not his. For once in his life he saw something he did not want. The silence in the cold-storage parlor became oppressive. The hypnotic gaze of the blue-spotted china cat got on his nerves.

"Gimme my money, Lucretia. I ain't got all day to set here," he croaked.

"Wait a minute, Simon. I see Lawyer Hampton coming. You know I made a bad mistake once, and I want Lawyer Hampton to see that everything's perfectly legal now." Again the door-bell



WITH THE ARMIES OF THE FUTURE.

LIEUTENANT NANCY.—We are surrounded, General! There is nothing to do but surrender!

GENERAL MABEL.—But let us call on the reserves.

LIEUTENANT NANCY.—Impossible, mam! I have the honor to report that our entire train of visiting-cards fell into the hands of the enemy at noon to-day, and it will be two weeks before a fresh supply can reach us from the stationer's at Washington.

waked the chilly echoes. Lucretia went to the front door and returned with the lawyer. In her hand she carried the little old plush-covered box.

"Mr. Hicks and I have some business to attend to, Mr. Hampton," she said. The latter bowed silently and took his seat upon a rickety chair.

"You owe me eight hundred dollars principal, and two years' interest."

Gimme my money or you'll have to vacate," said Simon truculently. The presence of the third party had restored his public character as president of the town bank, and his strong point was bullying people who owed him money.

"Simon," began the living skeleton of his dead love, "I am going to make a last appeal to you. You are rich and don't need this money. I ask you, by the memory of what we used to be to one another, not to turn me out!"

Simon Hicks's little red-rimmed eyes glistened. For twenty years he had dreamed of this moment. Scorned, and snubbed, and discarded in his youth, his revenge was at hand. He would enjoy it to the utmost. He would make her beg, and yet be adamant.

"That ain't exactly business," he



OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE!

THE BICYCLE (to the auto).—Say, do you remember how you laughed when I was going with that girl and you cut me out? Whose turn is it to laugh now?

**So little regard has Evolution for Ethics that you almost never find the fit surviving just as they would be survived by.**



THAT'S WHAT THEY  
ALL SAY.



"If I had that man's money,  
hanged if I'd work another  
day!"



"If I had that man's money,  
hanged if I'd work another  
day!"



"If I had that man's money,  
hanged if I'd work another  
day!"



"If I had that man's money,  
hanged if I'd work another  
day!"

(There is no end to this; but  
our space is limited.)

Simon writhed and squirmed. Also wriggled. The ruddy crimson had gone from his face, and his square-cut, carrot-hued whiskers seemed fastened to a waxen mask. He looked long at Lucretia, who was grinning amiably. His head dropped upon his bosom, and he reached in his pocket for his check-book.

"Wh—what'll you settle for?" he gasped feebly.

"Cancel the mortgage, twenty-five hundred cash for Miss Boggs, and a fee of two-fifty to me," answered Mr. Hampton.

Nothing broke the silence but the stertorous breathing of Simon as he sadly and slowly wrote out the check and handed it

began. Reaching into the faded plush-box she drew forth some papers.

"Do you remember these notes with the bleeding hearts on them, Simon? And this dear little shell-bangle bracelet? This Christmas card, and this valentine, with 'from your own swethart, Simon Hicks,' on it?"

"Yep, I sent 'em all; but they ain't got nothin' to do with—"

"And this, my dearest treasure. Don't you remember this note, Simon?" She wiped her eyes with her apron. "I am going to read it to you again to recall those dear words. Listen:

"My darlin' shugar swetness if you doan't marry me I will shore die. Please say yes I want to marry you. For I love you so yore lovin swethart Simon Hicks. ps love and lots of kises." You wrote that with your own dear hand and sent it to me by Tobe, the delivery-boy from the butcher-shop."

The lawyer stirred slightly and looked at the burly form of the creditor.

"Haw, haw, haw! Yep, I wrote that, too. Haw, haw! It was the last I ever sent you."

Something in Lucretia's appearance made him swallow a tack or two. Her face was wreathed in gladsome smiles.

"Very well, Simon, I accept. I will marry you."

"Wh-what's that?"

"I say, according to your written offer asking me to marry you, and acknowledged before a witness, I accept."

"Looky here!" he bawled in frightened, quavering accents, "that there letter and them notes was wrote twenty year ago!"

"You can't prove it, Simon. None of them bear date. I accept. I am ready right now." She preened and smoothed her hair.

"Ready nothin'! I won't marry you,—I don't want you,—I'll be durned if I do!" he bellowed, getting red in the face.

"Mr. Hicks," suavely interrupted Lawyer Hampton, "I looked carefully into the law of this matter—"

Simon started and fixed a reproachful glance on Lucretia.

"And as a proposition of law that offer of marriage has never been withdrawn. Miss Boggs did not decline by

marrying some one else, for she was never legally married. The offer is a continuing one until revoked. It has never been revoked or recalled. It has now been accepted by my client, and she is ready to comply. You refuse to carry it out. I shall file suit to-day for thirty thousand dollars for breach of promise. We have all the evidence we need."

Simon started and fixed a reproachful glance on Lucretia.



FRESH VEGETABLES.

over. The careful Mr. Hampton immediately took it to present it at the bank before payment could be stopped. The man and the woman sat in their places, Simon glaring at his old flame, who smiled serenely at him. He rose and started to the door.

"I'll take them expensive little soovners," he said dryly, reaching for the box of mementoes.

"I hope we part friends, Simon?" lisped Miss Boggs through her upper dental apertures.

He looked her up and down with the calmness of one who had lived through a great travail.

"Wall," he said, after a moment's reflection, "anyhow I kin thank you for lettin' me off so easy. You could a got my hull dern thutty thousand in the settlement if you'd jest insisted."

Garrard Harris.

MAN.

A TRICKSY young schoolma'am is Nature—  
Disprove the assertion who can—  
Her basket of lunch is the cosmos—  
And the hole in the doughnut is Man!

WOULD SPEAK ACCORDINGLY.

REPORTER.—What shall we give as your last words to the public?  
SICK ACTOR.—How many words can you crowd into a headline?



IT APPEALED TO HIM.

COACH (indignantly).—That was the most flagrant case of slugging I ever saw! Don't you know that slugging is n't allowed in Soccer football?

OFFENDING PLAYER (new to the game).—It ain't? Gee, den I guess I must ha' misunderstood de woid Soccer!

POINTS OF VIEW.



THE programme was "Hänsel und Gretel"  
With "I Pagliacci" to end;  
The singers were all in fine fettle,  
And everything seemed to transcend;  
But the comments of people attending  
Were varied as varied could be,  
Were disdainful, uncertain,  
commending —  
But, stay! Let us quote two or  
three:

MISS KLURK, of Brooklyn, in the  
Family Circle.

Why, Mame; you here? Oh, ain't  
it great!  
We got in half an hour late,  
The Subway slipped a trolley.  
Say, ain't Caruso just immense?  
My waist looks just like thirty cents;  
It does — don't try to jolly!

Do see the di'monds on her head —  
That second box — the girl in red;  
She is n't very pretty.  
Gee-whizz! those dresses are a sight;  
Why, I could look — there goes the light!  
Aw, is n't that a pity?

MRS. JOHN X. MINER, of Montana, in the Orchestra Stalls.

Yes, John; I wish these songs was sung  
In somethin' 'sides a forrin' tongue;  
We'd understand 'em better.  
My sakes! that cunnin' Gretel child  
A-workin' nights — it makes me riled!  
They had n't oughter let 'er!

As soon's the second part is through,  
I tell you, Pa, what we'll do:  
(I love to watch the waiters,  
An' rich folks gotter set the pace!)  
Let's try that stylish Martang place  
For steak an' stewed pertaters.



HIS LOFTY ASPECT.

BROTHER QUACKO.—De Puhsidin' Eldah am a pow'ful good man.  
BROTHER TARR.—Yassah, he is so. But at a fun'al like disyer, wid dem  
dar austepanarious side-whiskers o' his 'n, he allus 'pears to me like he was  
'spectin' a 'pology fum de cawpse.

MR. REINSTONE, of Chicago, in the Dress Circle.

Well, lkey, dere is dis to say:  
One wass a silly, baby play,  
And very little funny.  
De odder, dough, wass radder neat;  
And den, two operas, all complete,  
Is someding for der money.

MRS. BANQUER, in her Parterre Box.

I drove my coach to-day — 't was fine!  
What's that? Afraid I must decline,  
The Duchess comes to dinner.  
There's Amy in the Golders' box;  
Do see her brand-new auburn locks;  
Why, here comes Bob — you sinner!

My sister's wedding? That's next week;  
We hardly have a chance to speak  
(My husband's snore — please wake him!)  
The Count is here, of course, you know;  
His relatives came, too; and — oh,  
I'm glad I did n't take him!

Well, we must rush away; my aunts  
Expect us at their farewell dance.  
Why, thanks; just there my coat is.  
Our carriage number? Yes, that's right.  
What opera did we have to-night?  
I did n't think to notice.

Anna Mathewson.

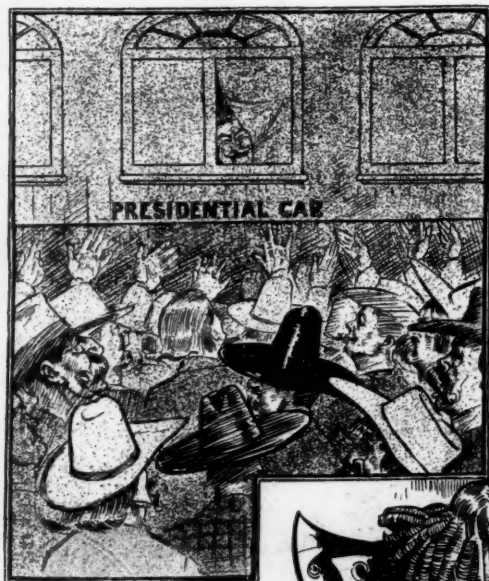
28

AS TO EXPECTATIONS.

IT is so ordered that a man may expect  
what he likes, whereas what he gets is an-  
other matter.

Who chooses to expect nothing will never  
be disappointed, and who chooses to expect  
much will never be content. But disappoint-  
ment is the tonic of the soul, and contentment  
the death thereof; wherefore we cherish ideals  
and are full of trouble.

We are, in short, of three sorts—optimists, if  
we deem it fun to be miserable; pessimists, if  
we don't; and ordinary citizens if we pass it  
up. Owing to unbridled immigration having so  
outrun our powers of assimilation, there are still a  
good many ordinary citizens among us.



THE NEW WAY

"Hey, Bill!"  
"Come on out!"  
"We want t' see you!"  
"Oh, you Bill!" etc.



—AND THE OLD.

"A deputation of your serene majesty's most  
loyal and obedient subjects humbly beg that your  
majesty will deign to receive them," etc.



# NEWS AS IT IS PHOTOGRAPHED.



Startling realistic view of Commander Cookery making his way over the Arctic ice.



Intensely interesting photograph of Wrilbur Wight in one of his record-breaking flights.

## THE OPENING ADDRESS.

AS DELIVERED BY THE PRESIDENT OF ANYOLD COLLEGE.

**T**HIS autumn our Department of Political Economy and Allied Studies will occupy the new \$1,000,000 building given us by our friend Mr. James Wilkinson, the gifted head of the Clothespin Trust, while Professor Hobbits will fill the chair of Political Morality, so generously established for us by the Honorable James P. Hogan, a leading figure in the wrought-iron industry. Dr. Jonas from New York will conduct a seminar on the Proper Sphere of Municipal Regulation of Public Utilities—a course made possible through the kindness of a gentleman who does not wish his name mentioned, but who

has become interested in this problem through his position as president of the New York Gas and Rapid Transit Company.

Owing to the action of our honored Board of Trustees, Professor Oldfellow will not be with us this year. I am sure our good wishes go with the Professor in his new fields, whatever they may be, in spite of his somewhat hasty articles in one of last year's sensational magazines. His course in Civic Honesty will be changed to a lecture sequence in which the students will have the privilege of being addressed weekly by sterling successful practical citizens. Mr. John D. Rockeman of the Gasoline Industry will begin the course next Monday with a talk on Honesty in Competition.

We will now rise and sing the selection on page 48: "Praise Them from Whom All Blessings Flow."

*Horatio Winslow.*

## ON BROADWAY.

**"M**ISTRESS MARY,  
Quite Contrary,"  
A comic-opera show;  
With peroxide belles,  
And vaudeville sells,  
And baldheads all in a row!

## WHY IS THIS?

EDITORIAL IN DAILY PAPER.

**M**R. STOCKSON BONDS, the multi-millionaire, has just stolen another railroad. Words fail us in any proper attempt to characterize this excrescence upon our civilization. He is a thief, a scoundrel, a pirate, and a rascalion of the deepest dye, and it is doubtful if he would stop at anything short of murder to gain his nefarious ends.

EDITORIAL IN SAME PAPER. MONTH LATER.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Stockson Bonds, the well-known multi-millionaire. No man in this generation has contributed so much as he to the development of the country.

He was a good citizen, a devout Christian, a humanitarian of the first water, an upright business man, and a model for all young men who are struggling to reach the top of the ladder of success. It is doubtful if the country will be able to survive his demise, and we have no patience whatsoever with his detractors.

*Ellis O. Jones.*



## A DERELICT TO BE.

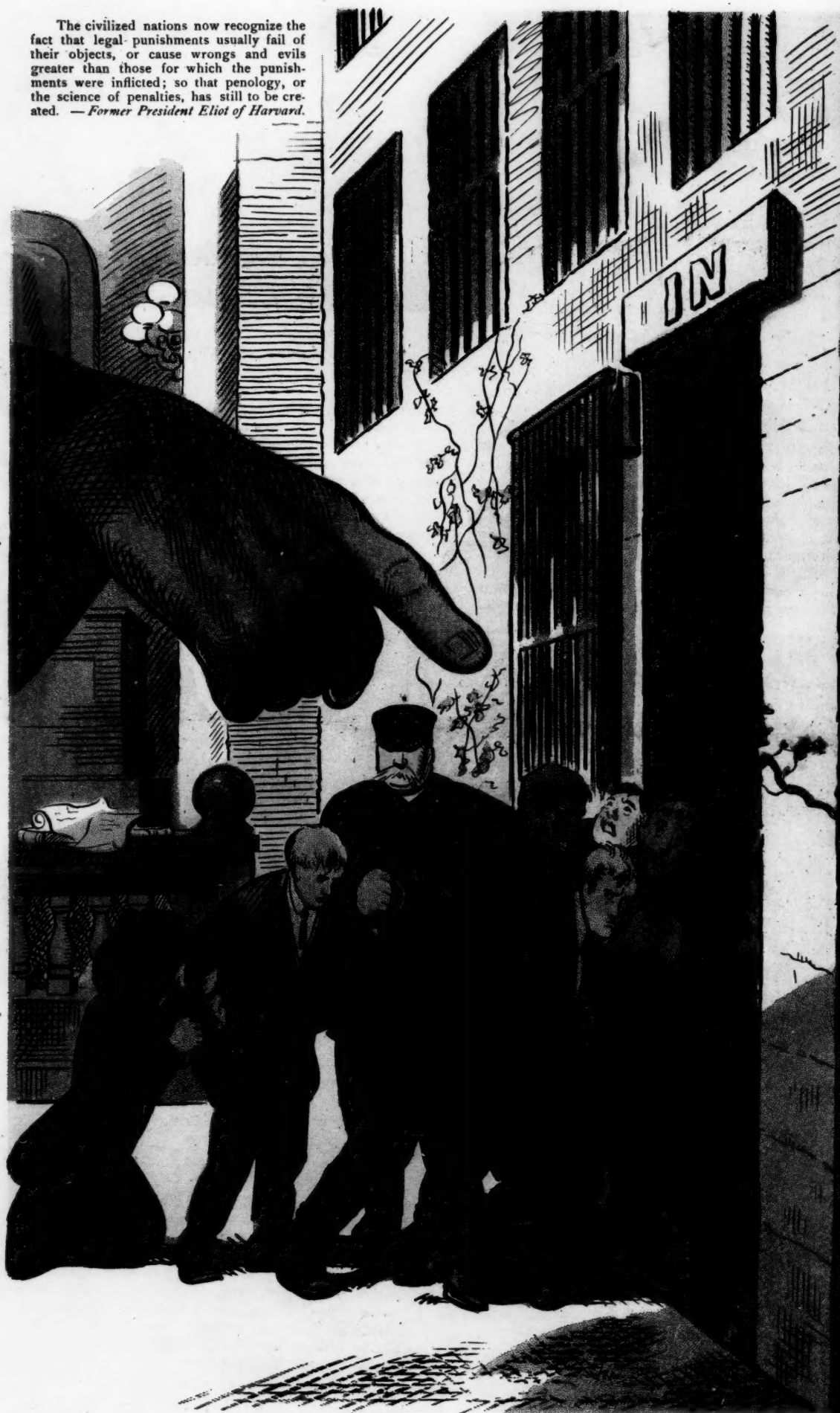
**PASSENGER (some years hence).**—Why are we moving so slowly?

**AERIAL CAPTAIN.**—There is a derelict around here somewhere. According to the Government experts, that fellow who fell out of his car during the races beyond Saturn, a hundred and fifty years ago last month, is somewhere in this vicinity, and I want to avoid a collision by all means.

**L**uck is the ability to think of a joke in time to laugh at it while the boss is telling you his.



The civilized nations now recognize the fact that legal punishments usually fail of their objects, or cause wrongs and evils greater than those for which the punishments were inflicted; so that penology, or the science of penalties, has still to be created. — *Former President Eliot of Harvard.*

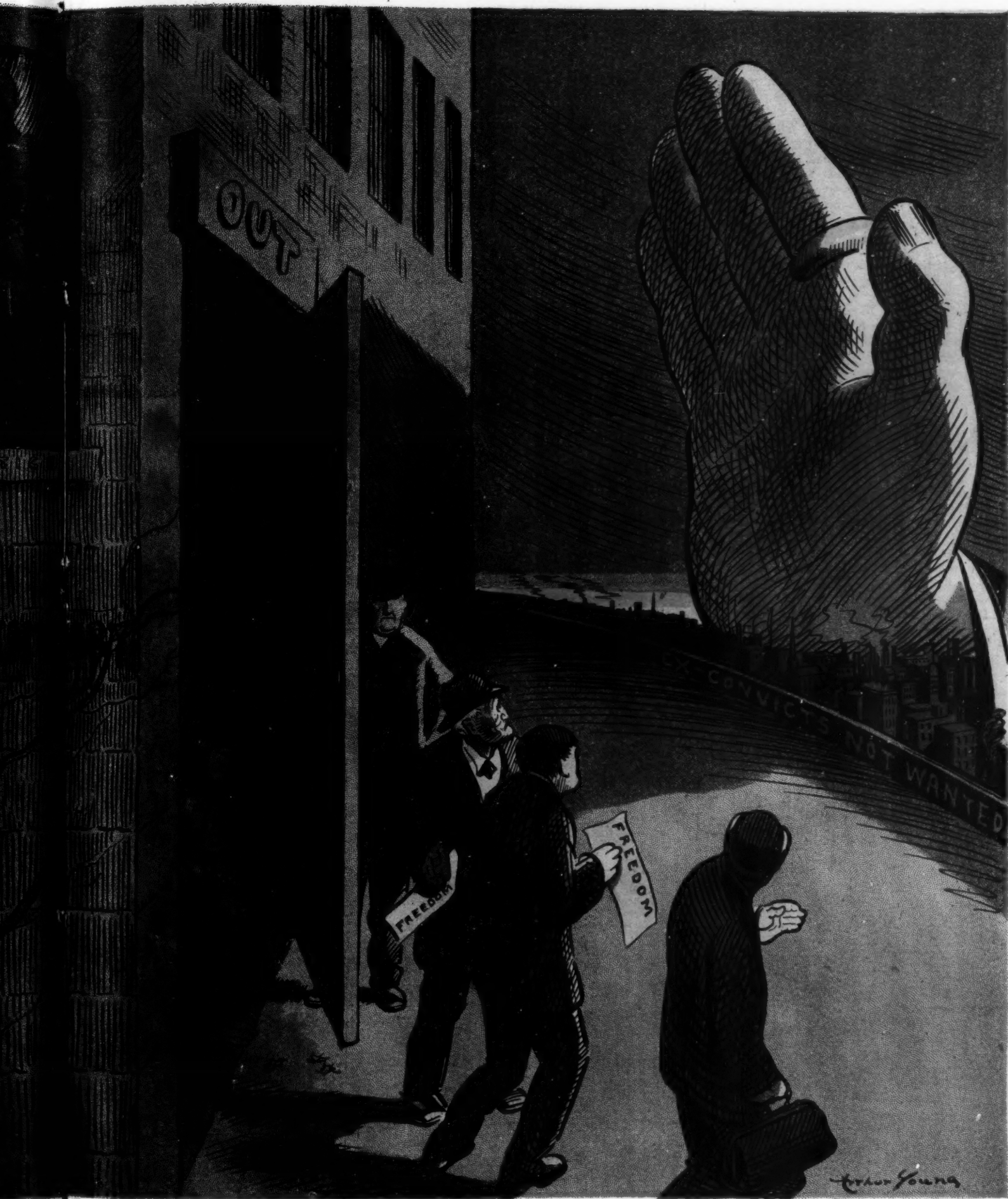


THE PUCK PRESS

THE LAW AGAINST THEM.

THE IN AND THE OUT OF O





E OUT OF OUR PENAL SYSTEM.

THE WORLD AGAINST THEM.

# PUCK

## BEFORE THE WEDDING.



"HAT A dreadful expense! I should say so! I think that we would go to the poorhouse if we had to have another wedding in the family soon! I never before realized how much more expensive girls are than boys. I am truly thankful that I have only one girl to marry off, and that some one else will have all the fuss and worry and expense when my three sons marry. When we knew that our dear Mabel was to leave us we set aside a certain sum for the wedding, and her father gave her eight hundred dollars for her trousseau; but, my soul! so many incidental expenses kept coming up that the sum we set aside hardly made a beginning. It's just robbery, the prices one has to pay for everything now—especially if it's anything in the way of furs. Mabel wanted a real handsome fur-trimmed suit, and a nice cape and muff, and you can hardly look at a really elegant set of furs for less than six or eight hundred dollars. Of course, when one marries off an only daughter one naturally feels that——"

"Yes; I know. We felt just so when our Kitty was married, and we——"

"Of course you did. And we feel just the same about Mabel; but, as I say, the expense is enough to turn one's hair gray. And the thousand and one things that keep coming up! If I live through it without coming down with nervous prostration I shall be thankful. Just the making out of the list of invitations is enough to drive one distracted. Unless one limits the invitations strictly to the relatives, all creation expects to be invited, and if you leave out a fifty-third cousin you'll never be forgiven. Then all the neighbors have to be invited, no matter who and what they are, and you know as well as I that it is n't always agreeable to invite some of even one's own relatives on both sides. Privately, now, Mabel is dreadfully cut up about having to invite one or two of Harry's relatives, and Harry says himself that he wishes they could get out of it some way. It is so——"

"I know all about it, for when our Kitty was married we had to——"

"I'm sure that you did. Everyone has to when a large wedding is planned, but I am resolved on not having more people than can be got into the house. You remember the DeVere-Montague wedding? Was n't that perfectly dreadful?"

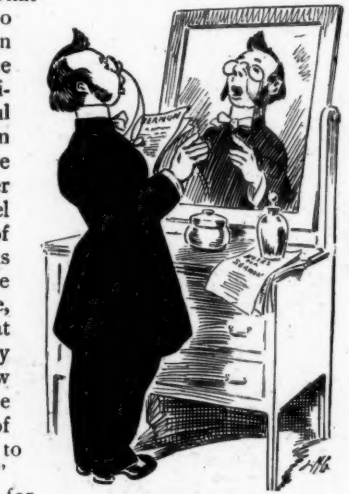
Actually, my husband and his brother got out of the dining-room through a window, and my sister and I went out through the kitchen and out the back door and then around to the front door! Think of trying to serve three hundred persons in a dining-room about thirteen by fifteen in size! I came home with coffee all over my dress, and my husband had a whole plate of lobster salad spilled all over his shirt-front. I said that when our Mabel married we—— Who is making the trousseau?"

Madame Victorine. Such outrageous prices! Thirty-five dollars for making just a plain street suit, and so obstinate that she simply ignores any suggestion you make as to how you want this or that done. There are to be an even dozen dresses, for you see Harry and Mabel are to visit very wealthy relatives of his in New York, and of course we don't want Harry to

be ashamed of her. She will be going to the opera, and they will be taking her out so much that even a dozen dresses with those she already has will be a scanty supply. Harry is expecting something very handsome from these relatives, for one of them is his mother's own great-aunt, but then you never can tell what one's rich relatives will do when it comes to wedding presents. Often they send less than some of the poor relatives. When my niece was married one of her uncles in just ordinary circumstances sent the most beautiful solid-silver coffee set of three pieces, and an uncle who is two or three times a millionaire sent her a plate that never cost a cent over two dollars, if it cost that. So I tell Mabel not to expect too much from Harry's side of the house. She wants him to hint to his folks that money would be the most acceptable present, for then they can get what they like, and not have something foisted on them that will be an eyesore to them as long as they live. A rich old uncle of the girl a nephew of mine married gave them a Japanese vase about eight feet high with all the colors of Jacob's coat in it, and here they were going to housekeeping in a four-room flat, and——"

"I know just how they felt about it, for a distant relative of Jack's sent them just as absurd a present when Jack and our Kitty were married, and——"

"Then of course you know all about it. Mabel is very fond of cut-glass, and so many of her friends have found it out in some way that nearly everything that has come in thus far is of cut-glass, and it looks as if there would be a perfect avalanche of it. I do hope she can get rid of some of it in exchange for things she really needs and that won't be sent to her, and—— Oh, I want you to be sure and notice the oak cabinet of flat silver that Harry's associates in the office got for him and Mabel. It never cost less than a hundred dollars, and I would n't be surprised to know that it cost a hundred and fifty. Harry never expected them to come down that handsomely. But then it is as he says—he has been putting up for wedding-presents for most of them for ten years back, and it is only fair that they should reciprocate, and two of the other boys in the office are to be married in the late Winter, and of course he will have to put up for them. Mabel's wedding gown is coming out beautifully. She had a fourth fitting yesterday and I was with her. It is of——but there, Mabel does n't want



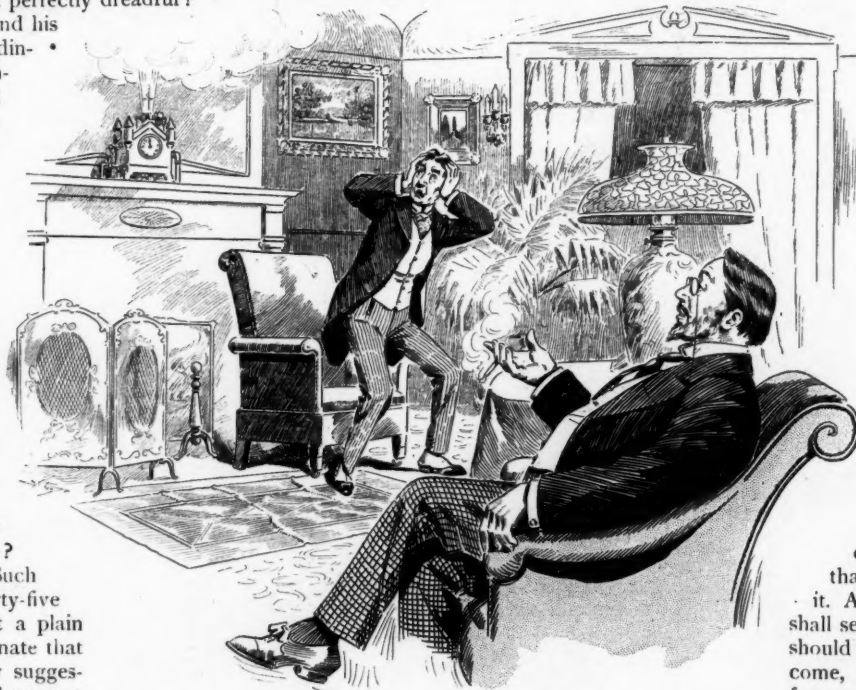
PRACTISING WHAT HE PREACHES.

anyone to know anything about it until they see it. I would tell you if I told anyone, but——"

"I understand. Our Kitty felt just so, and——"

"Of course she did. I think that—— Must you go? I would urge you to stay, but the caterer is coming any minute now to—— My, but don't these caterers charge! My husband says that another wedding would—— But then I tell him

that when one has an only daughter—— Yes, that is the way we feel about it. And yet—— Of course we shall see you at the wedding. I should feel awfully if you did n't come, and so would Mabel, for—— I believe that is the caterer, and——such prices. He won't touch a stand-up supper for less than a dollar a plate, and—— Oh, I didn't mean to tell that! But—— Good-by. We'll see you——" M. M.



## THE HELPING HAND.

VISITOR.—Heavens! What's that infernal noise, dear boy?

PARLOR SOCIALIST.—Only the twelve o'clock whistle, old chap. I have too much sympathy for my fellow workmen to have a mere ornamental chime clock in my drawing-room.



## ENDURING JOKES.

(To be inserted on the Funny Page.)

**T**HE telephone some day, I guess,  
Will give way to the wireless;  
But while we have the Magazine  
That kind of joke will e'er be  
seen.

The railroad train, the learned  
say,

To aeroplanes must soon give  
way;

But on one point I do stand pat—  
We'll always have the joke like that.

The enthusiastic Suffragette  
Man's tyranny will soon forget;  
But never will the joker quit  
A-perpetrating such as it.

The grafter, too, will have to go;  
Race suicide will cease also;  
But while the funny joke is here  
That good old standby must appear.

Hamilton Pope Galt.

## CAUSE OF DISCORD.

**S**HE.—They do not live happily to-  
gether?

**HE**.—No. It's the eternal struggle  
between Religion and Society. He is  
as straight-backed as she is straight-  
front.

## PLAN OF PROCEDURE.

**S**TELLA.—What would you do with  
five feet of books?

**BELLA**.—I'd read the last foot first.

## SHOOK IT UP.

**M**ISTAH JOHNSON (*anxious to please*).  
—I did n't know dat you was  
gwine to hab whipped cream wid dis  
refreshment, Miss Jackson.

**MISS JACKSON** (*dead cold*).— I  
did n't maself, Mistah Johnson, till  
you dun fell on de flo' upstairs during  
dat last waltz.

## A FIXTURE.

**M**ISTRESS.—Bridget, I hope you're  
not the sort of girl who quits  
her job?

**COOK**.—No, mum. I'm a regular  
Depew.



## IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

**STREET FAKIR**.—Here y'are,  
fi' cents! Cook or Peary—which-  
ever yer like—climbin' up the Pole!

## CHOPPING IT OFF.

**"B**RUDDREN an' sistahs," briskly began good old Par  
son Bagster, "one yeah ago I preached a sarmint  
on Shadyrack, Meeshack, an' Uhbednigo, an' to-day,  
on de adversity o' dat date, I was 'lowin' to defer to de  
same subjec' ag'in; but as; whilst on muh way to de chapel,  
I was handed a bid—dis yuh elegant-writ note on sweet-  
'fumed paper—fum Sistah Tizzie Trigg, 'vitin' me t' mingle  
in a chicken-pot-pie dinnah, wid squinch puhzerves and

mince-pie on de side; an' as dat skippy little boy yo' seed  
slide up yuh to de polepit dess now brings de news dat a  
wagon-load o' dem triflin' kin-folks o' Sistah Tizzie's fust  
husband fum over to Tumlinville has hove in sight; and  
as, fuddermo', dem three gen'lemen dat went th'oo de fiery  
furnace in muh sarmint last yeah has n't done anything  
since, an' pot-pie an' hungry niggers fum Tumlinville  
waits for no man, I'm gwine fum yo' in de gen'al direction  
o' Sistah Tizzie's!"

Tom P. Morgan.

# Household Bills Paid

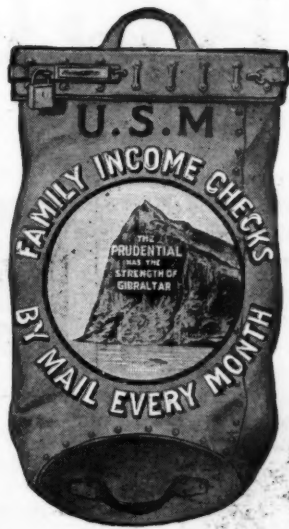
## Every Month for Life

By  
Monthly  
Income  
Checks  
of



# The Prudential

## Newest Monthly Income Policy



**The Prudential Insurance Company**  
OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

**JOHN F. DRYDEN**  
President

**HOME OFFICE:**  
Newark, N. J.

Dept.  
81

Send this coupon  
for full particulars  
and cost.

For \$..... a Month  
With Cash Payment at Death

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

My Age is.....

Beneficiary's Age.....

**You Need This Policy Whether You Are Now Insured or Not**

## Ingersoll-Trenton

### The Best 7-Jewel Watch

This new watch gives, for the first time, Ingersoll value in a high-grade watch.

Though of totally different construction from The Dollar Watch and made in another factory, it is produced in enormous quantities by the Ingersoll manufacturing systems.

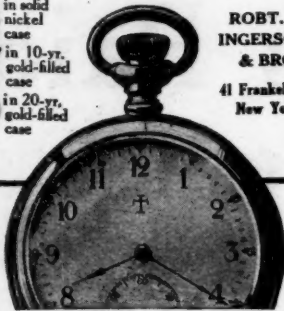
It is distinctly high-class and such a watch has never been sold for the money before.

Go to any responsible Jeweler and compare the "I-T" with all other watches at all prices.

If not sold locally, sent prepaid by us.

Booklet "How to Judge a Watch" free.

\$5 in solid nickel case  
\$7 in 10-yr. gold-filled case  
\$9 in 20-yr. gold-filled case



ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

41 Frankel Bld. New York

### HE UNDERSTOOD.

"I've often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your —"

"If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—*Houston Post.*

### PLENTY OF THEM HERE.

"I see an American girl is to marry a Portuguese pretender."

"She might as well stay at home and marry an American pretender. I did."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

# White Rock

## "The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



### HEROISM.

See the great warrior's statue. What an heroic attitude! Do you know why it is customary to speak of heroic attitudes in connection with statues of warriors? No? We will tell you. It is because, notwithstanding the dead certainty that some sculptor will make him and his horse look like this after a while, the great warrior goes about his business of war unflinchingly and without a murmur.

### JUST SUITED.

"I would like to help you, my poor man, but I have n't much work to give you."

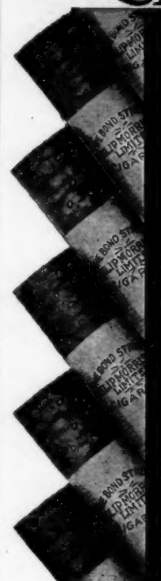
"That'll suit me down to the ground, ma'am. I don't want much."—*Sourire.*

### SHOPPING HINT.

"John, this firm is advertising dresses seventy-five per cent. off. What does it mean?"

"Bathing-suits."—*Houston Post.*

## Philip Morris Cigarettes



The one smoke that always "shows class."

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c.

AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c.



"The Little Brown Box"

"Did you take a bath?"

"No; is there one missing?"—*Columbia Jester.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

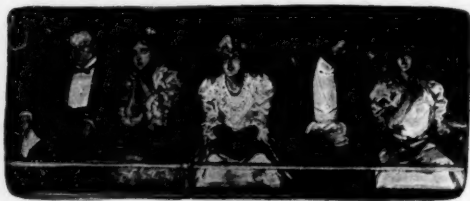
**Bar Keeper's Friend**

It acts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 35c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 905 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# PUCK PROOFS

## Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1906 by Keppler & Schwarzmann



### THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1906, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



### NOT ALL HAY IS MADE WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 11 x 8 in.

By George Blake.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

These are but a few examples of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Copyright, 1908, by Keppler & Schwarzmann



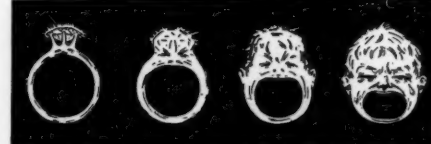
### THE COVER PAGE.

By George Blake.

Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 11 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright, 1906, by Keppler & Schwarzmann



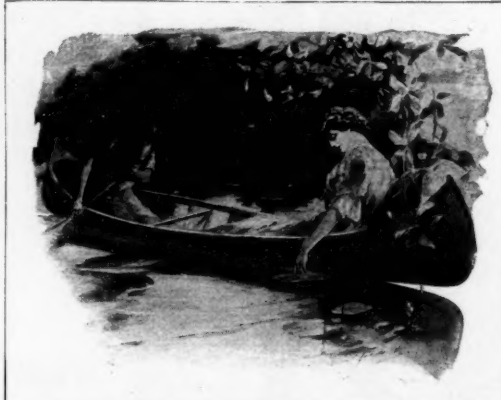
### EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann



### SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Company, 801 Third Avenue, New York

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is now known as "Liquor Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bijler & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

"It's hard to see a future President in a village yap with cowhide boots and high-water pants."

"Think so? Seems to me that's just as promising material as a city dude with sunset socks and a clam-shell cap."—*Pittsburg Post.*

## BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

H. C. BUNNER.

### SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

### THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

### MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

### MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

### THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, \$5.00  
Per Volume, " " 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

VINCENT CRESSLEY celebrated Easter Monday by going for the first time in his life to a horse-race. He was a feeble-minded fool, and his companions easily persuaded him to stake in the third race a dollar on a sixty-to-one shot.

The horse won. When the book-maker gave Vincent his winnings the silly fellow could not believe his eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that I get all this for my one dollar?"

"That's what you do," said the book-maker.

Vincent's look was like Sindbad's in the Valley of Diamonds.

"By ginger," he muttered, "and I never knewed it."



## SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs \$2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

SEND 10 CENTS for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.  
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

Say, how long has this thing been goin' on?" — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

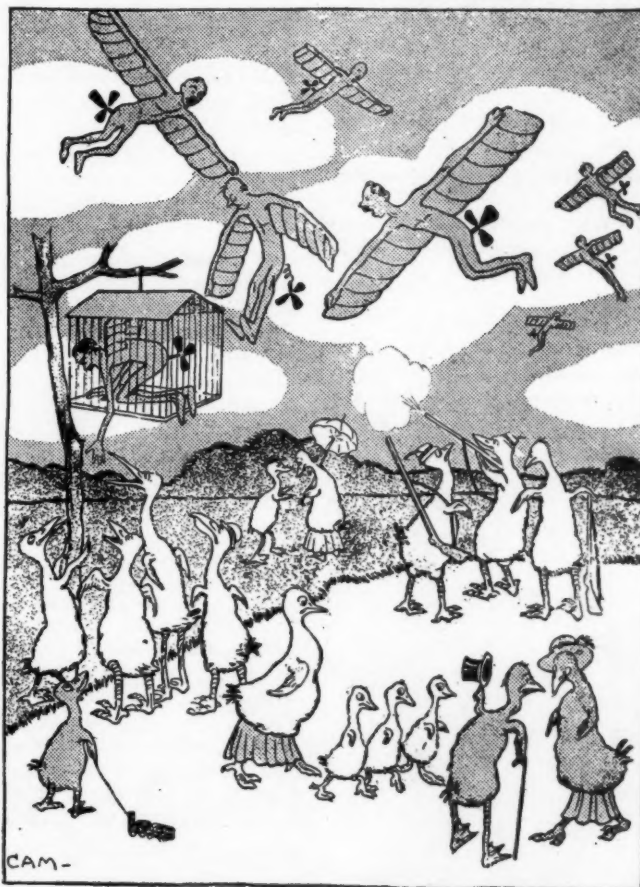
### WHY THE TEARS CAME.

She offered an explanation of her tearful mood.

"I've been at a wedding," she said. "I always cry more at a wedding than I do at a funeral. It's so much more uncertain." — *N. Y. Press.*

"YOUNG MAN," said the successful old guy, "I started as clerk on three dollars a week, and today I own my own business."

"I know," answered the Young Chap; "but they have cash-registers in all the stores now." — *Cleveland Leader.*



CAM-

### THE COMING ARRANGEMENT.

HUMANS WILL FLY AND BIRDS WILL WALK.

—*Exchange.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

### DOCTOR VS. LAWYER.

"You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied; "and the lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

### A FAILURE.

"It won't work," remarked Jones as he took his favorite seat in front of the hotel window.

"What won't work?" inquired Fitz Smith.

"This idea of thought transference. Tried it on my tailor. I looked at him steadily until I had his undivided attention, then I said very slowly and with emphasis: 'That—bill—is—paid.'"

"And what did he do?"

"He said: 'You're—a—liar!'" — *Lippincott's.*

The Voice of Reason  
"Drink it for  
Health and  
Contentment"

Always the Same  
Good Old  
Blatz



First in  
Quality and  
Character

Remember The Label

**BLATZ**  
BEER

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe  
or Buffet  
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

**P**UCK  
ROOFS  
LEASE  
ARTICULAR  
EOPLE

CHEER UP!!!



CHEER UP! Photo Gelatine Print, 9 x 12 in.  
By Leighton Budd. PRICE 25 CENTS

Get a copy of this popular print  
and MAKE HOME HAPPY.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for new Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York.  
295-309 Lafayette Street

Trade supplied by GURELMAN PUBLISHING CO.,  
801 Third Avenue, New York.

# PUCK

## I WONDER.



HE Baldhead swore a savage oath  
And smote a smite of wrath did he.  
The Angel to record was loath,—  
He knew the Baldhead's misery,  
He knew the fly's mad devilry,  
So he recorded not the swear.  
I wonder if he had been there?

The tall man in the upper berth  
Was heard to mutter curses blue.  
The Angel's face was wreathed with mirth.  
He wrote no words; it seems he knew  
'T was all the desperate man could do.  
So he recorded not the swear,—  
I wonder if he had been there?

The busy man went to the 'phone,  
And all he got was buzz-buzz-zip!  
He bit the air down to the bone,  
And when the Angel heard them rip  
He sighed: "She's got him on the hip!"  
So he recorded not the swear,—  
I wonder if he had been there?

Philip F. Hornish.

## PROOF.

CREDIT MAN.—Do you consider Hobson a careful financial manager?

REPORTER.—Most assuredly! Why, since the Remsen Board decided that benzoate of soda was a harmless preservative he insists on putting some in his pocketbook every morning.



## AN IMPOSSIBLE CONVERSATION.

THE STAGE-MANAGER.—Go on out, Mac! They're calling for you! They want a speech!

THE STAR.—Not a step! I've taken one curtain-call already, and I'm not going out again!

## A WORD OF WARNING.

NEVER TRY TO IMPRESS A SALESMAN. Nothing could be more foolish. He always reaches for his old stock when you do that. When you bore him, he charges you for it.

Some women cannot buy a pair of shoes for little Willie without telling their whole family history, two or three anecdotes about Willie, and some of Willie's remarks:

"I'm going to send him to school Monday, and I want him to have shoes. He is so hard on his shoes; but he says: 'Mama, how can you expect me to go to school if you don't buy me any shoes to go in?' And I told him I had a notion to let him go barefooted; and his father told him that he used to think he was lucky if he got a pair for Christmas when he was a boy. And then I want you to give him an extra pair of laces; he is so hard on laces—"

SALESMAN: "Boys will be boys, you know. (Aside) Where is that old pair we've had in stock for the last five years?"



## SHORT-CIRCUITED.

DON'T TALK TO A DENTIST. When he has to listen to the peculiarities of the patient's family back to the third and fourth generations he puts it in his bill.

"Our teeth are all so brittle. I tell Mama I know there is no use—they will be broken again some place. We are always at the dentist's. Willie says we ought to move next door to you, it would be so handy for the family. Now, Papa is not that way. He never has the toothache. He could chew nails if he wanted to. His father was that way. He says he had the finest teeth he ever saw. I wish I could be that way—"

DENTIST: "Yes, it would be nice if we all could be that way. (Aside) I'm just going to fill this any old way, and get done with it."

DON'T AFFLICT THE DOCTOR. The doctor suffers more than the dentist at the hands of the talker, because the dentist can muzzle 'em, and the doctor can't, and he charges accordingly.

"Oh, Doctor, I just told Mama I felt as though I wanted to die! I did n't want to live at all—I was so ill. I did n't want to do anything but just die. We are all subject to that, I believe. It comes from too much ambition, and I tell Mama I wish we were not so ambitious. It is awful to be sick that way. I just wanted to die, that's all—"

DOCTOR: "It's bad when you feel that way. (Aside) I'm going to soak her an extra five for all this torture."

SPARE THE PREACHER. Think how he suffers from talk like this:

"Oh, I just think if I could only feel that my boys—but I just tell them—and they say, 'Oh, Mama—' and their father tells them that—but their grandma, she is not that way— You know, I think it is so sad—and what a pity—of course, I know. Now, my mother—you know she is old-fashioned—and don't you know—"

MINISTER: "Yes, that is true. (Aside) It seems to me she ought to subscribe to the Mission now. This martyrdom should bear some fruit."

MORAL: Talk is expensive.

Hamilton Pope Galt.

## NO EXTRA STRAIN.

HIGHBLOWER (to prospective butler).—Seventy-five dollars a month! Why, that's all I pay my bookkeeper!

BUTLER.—But he does n't have to associate every day with your family, sir!

**D**issension is the little fence one neighbor puts up between his own and another neighbor's garden of ideas.



# Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps: Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.

MIGHT BE MISTAKEN.

HE.—Do you take me for a fool?

SHE.—No; but my judgment is not infallible.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE INTELLIGENT PUP.



I.

When the Cook cooks, the dog stays home.

**Evans' Ale**

A DELICIOUS and Gratifying beverage pleasing to the eye and palate; soothing and satisfying to the stomach, besides affording the superior building-up qualities peculiar to itself.

In splits as well as regular size bottles.

Leading Dealers and Places.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Est. 1786. Hudson, N. Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**THE Keeley Cure**

Hot Springs, Ark.  
Denver, Col.  
West Haven, Conn.  
Washington, D. C.  
211 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.  
Marion, Ind.  
Plainfield, Ind.  
Des Moines, Ia.  
Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Lexington, Mass.

Portland, Me.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.  
355 S. College Ave.  
Kansas City, Mo.  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Manchester, N. H.

Buffalo, N. Y.  
White Plains, N. Y.  
Columbus, Ohio.  
Portland, Oregon.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
512 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa.  
4246 Fifth Ave.  
Providence, R. I.  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
London, England.

**I. W. HARPER**  
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

IN WINTER  
IT'S A COLD,  
IN SUMMER  
IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good, pure, gentle old

**I. W. HARPER**  
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION



II.

When the Wife cooks —

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

WHY THEY HOWL.

A.—When I was in the East I met with many begging dervishes.

B.—I thought they called them howling dervishes?

A.—That's what they become when you don't give them anything.—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

for Liquor and  
**Drug Using**

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

**RUBBERSET**  
Shaving Brushes  
Ask the barber or your dealer

RUBBERSET COMPANY 56 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

"What did you think of that piece the orchestra just played, dear?"

"Why, I didn't hear it, uncle; you know you were taking your soup then!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**LOFTIS SYSTEM**  
**DIAMONDS WATCHES**  
ON CREDIT

For Christmas Presents the Loftis System is a great convenience. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable gifts without the outlay of much ready money. A small cash payment, and you can give a "loved one" your choice of the finest diamonds, watches and other articles of high grade jewelry.

**LOFTIS** Old Reliable. Original Diamond and Watch Credit House.  
1005 & 1007 Dept. 1, 50, 52 State St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS NOW from our Xmas catalog. We will send them, with all express charges paid for your inspection. If you like them, pay one-fifth on delivery; balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Write for Xmas Catalogue Today.

Too UTTERLY Too Too.

Two dance-hall musicians in Butte Were paid to play cornet and flute, But they drank lemonade, Beer and whisky, which made Those two tooters too tight to toot.  
—*Catholic Standard.*

FAITHFUL OFFICIAL.

The touring-car had turned upside down, burying the motorist under it, but the village official was not to be so lightly turned from his duty.

"It's no use you hidin' there, sir!" he said severely. "I must have your name and address."—*Utica Herald.*



III.

He puts the Boss wise by coming to the office.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

SEEING THEIR FINISH.

LAWYER.—What is your occupation?

WITNESS.—I'm a piano finisher.

LAWYER.—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?  
—*Boston Transcript.*

NO OBSTACLE.

"What's to prevent me from kissing you?" demanded the man.  
"My goodness!" exclaimed the girl. But it did n't.—*Washington Herald.*

"How OFTEN does your car kill a man?"  
"Only once, guv'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—*Tit-Bits.*

**SAVES TIME TO BUY OR SELL THE BOSTON GARTER**

KNOWN TO EVERYBODY  
WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

MADE WITH *Velvet Grip* CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON CLASP

OF ANY DEALER, ANYWHERE  
or Sample Fr., Cotton, 25., Silk, 50c.  
Mailed on Receipt of Price

GEORGE FROST CO.  
MAKERS, BOSTON

OVER 30 YEARS THE STANDARD  
—ALWAYS EASY—



IV.

Whereupon they both dine out.—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

**Our family physician,  
Who's fully up to snuff,  
No more fulfils his mission  
With silly druggist's stuff.  
At present his prescription,  
If anything's amiss  
From cankers to connivance,  
Will read somewhat like this:**

R  
Six curses strong on rising,  
A couple with each rising,  
May wort a cure surprising,  
And yet I can't but feel  
A little shocked when Mabel,  
Who has to have a tonic,  
While at the dinner-table  
Bursts out with  
"— I — words cyclonic :  
— I — ! —"  
— Sam Bowles, Jr.